POEMS

Written by the Right HONOURABLE

Henry Lord Arundel of Warder,

AND

Count of the Sacred Roman Empire,

Now PRISONER in the TOWER. *1679.*

1.

A Valediction to the WORLD.

HEnce all you Visions of the Worlds delight,
You treach'rous Dreams of our deluded sence
Passion too long hath seiz'd on Reasons Right,
And play'd the Tyrant in her own defence:
Her fluttring Fancies hurry'd me about,
To seek content which I could ne're find out.
If any pleasure did slide o're my sence
It left a mark of shame when it went thence.
And when possest, it relished no more;
And I remain'd as Thirsty as before:
Those pleasant Charms that did my heart seduce
Seem'd great pursu'd, but less'ned in the use;
And that false flame that kindled my desire
E're I could cast, the pleasure did expire.
But Reason now shall repossess her Throne
And Grace restore what nature had o'rethrown,
My better Genius prompts me to declare
Against those follie's, and to side with her:
She tells me 'tis high time to stemm that Tide
Whose Torrent doth me from my self divide.
Those brutal Passions do un-man our mind,
And rule, where Virtue had them slaves design'd
Such usurpation shall prevail no more,
I will to Reason her just Rights restore:
And make my Rebel heart that duty pay
To her, which on my sence was thrown away.
But this (dear Lord) must be thy act not mine,
Thy Grace must finish what I but designe.
It is thy pow'r alone that first doth move,
Then gives us strength to execute and love.
For Nature hath by custome so prevail'd,
And such dominion on our sence intail'd,
That we can never hope but by thy hand
To free our Captive Souls from her Command.
That fatal liberty which for our good
Thou gav'st us, was ill us'd, worse understood.
Man made by Reason, not like Beasts, to obey
Losing that reason, grows more beasts then they.
And sure we lose it when we do dispence
With our known duty, to delight the sence.
Since then thy bounty doth my heart Inspire,
Make me to do, as well as to desire:
Set so my wavering heart from passions free
That it may ne're love any thing but thee.
By thy sweet force my Stubborn will Incline
To quit my Conduct, and to follow thine:
So shall my Soul thy double purchase prove
Bought by thy Bloud, and conquer'd by thy love.

2

Persecution no loss.

WHat can we lose for him, when all we have
Are but the Favours which his Bounty gave;
And which, when sufferings force us to restore,
God only takes them for to give us more:
And by an happy change doth kindly prove
He takes our fortune but to give his love.

How

How vainly should that beggar chide his fate
That quits his Dung-hill for a Chair of State:
So fares it with us, when God doth displace
The Gifts of fortune for the gifts of Grace
God did on suffering set so high esteem,
he that way chose the lost World to Redeem:
And when his love and nature were at strife
He vallu'd more his suffering, then his Life.
And shall Opinion have more pow'r to move
Then his Example, Doctrine, and his Love?
Love makes Afflictions easie; to complain
Lessens the merit, and augments the pain.
Let's humbly then Submit to his design,
And give that freely which we must resign:
So shall our Losses prove the best Increase
Of future Glory, and our present Peace.

3

Quem amat castigat.

If then the earnest of thy favours be
Affliction, good God let it light on me.
He glory more in such a kind distress
Then in all comforts when thy love is less.
And by my Misery He make it known
In spite of th' World, how much I am thy own
No fruitful showr shall by the thirst plant
Be kindlier entertain'd then scorn and want.
Or loss of Honour, Fortune or delight
Shall be by me; That which did once affright,
And fill'd my troubled Mind with care and grief
Shall be my future Comfort and relief.
I never more will Court a smiling Fate
Since he's so happy, that is desolate.
Afflictions shall be pleasing, for they come
Like friendly showr's to drive us sooner home.
And by thy love, such Charms are in them found
As cure the Heart, which they intend to wound,
So strange effects doth Grace in us produce
To change as well their Nature, as their Use.

4

Considerations before the Crucifix.

When I behold thee on that fatal Tree
(Sweet Jesus) suffering, and that 'tis for me;
When I consider in that purple Floud
My sins ebb out, but with thy Life and Bloud:
When I reflect how dear my soul hath cost
I'm mov'd to wish, it rather had been lost:
For how can that life please that doth destroy
The Life of him, by whom we life enjoy.
And yet to wish thou hadst not suffered so,
Were to reproach thy love and wisdom too;
And if we Joy in what thy Death hath brought,
We must allow the pains by which 'twas bought
So that our joy and grief unitedlye,
And natures Life is t' have her maker dye.
It is thy will (dear Lord) must be obey'd,
And in that duty both those debts are payd.
O let my Soul, in a due measure, find
A joy becoming, and a mourning mind;
A joy in thy kind will, ev'n whilst it made
Sun-shine in Nature by thy God-head's shade.
A grief to see the Torments sin did merit
And Man deserv'd, God should himself inherit.
That so divided 'twixt thy pain and will,
I may resign with joy, and yet grieve still.
Adoring so this Triumph of thy Love,
That weeping here I may rejoyce above.

5

Upon the Pains of Hell.

O Restless Groans! O sloathful Tears!
O vain Desires O fruitless Fears!
One timely Sigh had eas'd that Pain,
Which Millions now do seek in vain;
Eternal Pennance is thy Fate,
For having wept and sigh'd too late:
That short remorse which thou didst flie,
Is chang'd into Eternity;
Neglected mercy hath no room,
When Justice once hath fixt his Doom.
Prevent then timely by thy care,
That endless Pennance of Despair;
And weep betimes, your Tears here may
Turn Night into eternal Day;
Tis only they have power to move,
And change Gods Justice into Love;
If by the vertue of his Grace,
Thou shedst them in a proper place;

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